Oxford Democrat.

No. 49, Vol. 5, New Series. Paris, Maine, Tuesday, April 14, 1846. Old Series. No. 6, Vol. 16.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY
C. W. Clifford,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms;—the Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in advance.

Book and Job Printing
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

THE STORY TELLER.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE FIRE-SCREEN;

OR,

THE HEIRESS AND THE EMBROIDERY-WORKER.

A TALE FOR THE RICH AND THE POOR.

BY J. H. INGRAHAME.

"Both heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last—
Both children of the same dear God."
RUSSEL LOWELL.

In all families there are 'poor relations.' This is true, of this country particularly. The rich men in it, or most of them, have risen from the low level of the *people*. They have been themselves, in their time, 'poor relations.' They have risen out from among them like pyramid—a sort of Babyloian Colossus, with feet of clay typical of the mire out of which they sprung a head of gold!

All such men have poor relations, and usually a great many of them. But as they rise higher and higher above them, they loose sight of them; from seeing them no bigger than pigmies below them, they, by-and-by, are unable to see them at all. But the 'poor relation' from below always is able to see his rich relation, though his head, like Babel's tower, penetrate into the clouds.—Poor relations never lose sight of their rich relation; he is always in full view to them, like a shot tower, or a Bunker Hill monument; and often, it is true of him, as it is of these, that the higher he rises skyward he goes into a colder region.—His affections and kind feelings and sweet charities all freeze up.

Poor relations are usually envious and spiteful, and exceedingly apt to hate their rich kindred; and rich relations are apt to despise, fear and have strong suspicions of their poor kindred. Thus the breach between them remains always open.

But there are some poor relations who are good and excellent people, and have no envy.—They have no covetous desires, and live content and independent with what they have. They know their rich cousin's or uncle's wealth will never do them any good, and they never turn a thought to it; but quietly and industriously pursue the humble path which Providence has marked out for them to walk in; for however poor and lowly their lot may be, God ordereth it.

Among the virtuous and humble families, who come under the class of 'poor relations,' (and south, most of us are poor relations to somebody) was that of William Redfield. He had been a bricklayer in his youth, and at that time in the bloom of health and hope, he had married a very handsome, industrious girl, who brought him no other fortune than a loving heart and industrious hands. But with years came changes. Sickness and reverses followed, and, at the priod of our story, he was a poor man, and supported his wife and one daughter, Mary, by such jobs as he could get about the streets and wharves. Yet he was honest, steady and the very soul of sterling integrity. We have said he supported his wife *and* daughter. Gladly he would have done so, if she would have permitted it; but she was too industrious to let her hard-laboring parents maintain her. She was very beautiful, indeed, having one of the sweetest faces in the world, with pleasant, smiling eyes, of the softest hazel, and rich hazel-brown hair, that was always arranged with exquisite taste.

She had a talent for embroidery, which she had evinced so early as her tenth year, when working her sampler; and before she was fourteen she had worked so many fine pieces, which readily sold, that she was able to relieve her parents in a great measure of the charge of supporting: nay, she could even make them useful presents at Christmas and New Year. She had now a good solid common-school education, and a heart full of kindness and generous emotions, she made, for one of her age, which, at the opening of our story, was eighteen, a girl of a very superior order. None could excel her in filial affection; and her parents idolized her, as well they might. Before she reached her eighteenth year she had so established her reputation for embroidery that she had constant employment furnished her by one of the first fancy stores in Whasington street. But though she worked twelve and fourteen hours a day, she could do little more than support herself and pay the rent of their lowly abode—her father being left to provide for the table and his own and wife's clothing. Mary's industry and taste should have met with a better pecuniary return, but there are unjust people who would deny corn to the ox that treadeth it out! who starve the hireling and rob even poverty! They jew down and grind the poor in their employ till a knife's edge could not be laid on the line which divides their victim's gains from their wants. Then, from the goods thus obtained out of the blood and life of the poor they lay on large prices, and on the profits grow rich! For all this we know that they will be brought unto judgment. Mary Redfield, therefore, though she toiled early and late, and though she enriched them for whom she worked, yet she gained barely a decent subsistance.

William Redfield had a brother, an older brother, who had gone into the lumbering business when a young man, and, by degrees and great penury, had got to have a small lumber-yard to himself in South Boston. In selling lumber to build houses, he sometimes sold on a credit, taking a mortgage upon the house. In this way, one, and then two, and by-and-by three houses fell into his hands, which he sold at great gain.—He then undertook to build houses on his own account. He became the owner of a block of five; and these renting well, he built a block containing a dozen. By and by he sold all these at great profit, and then he began to buy up stock and loan money at usurous interest. Taking advantage of a season of universal pecuniary distress, he loaned sums of money so frequently, and at such enormous rates of interest, that in less than one year he doubled his property, and began to look upon himself a rich man. In the meanwhile he had got married, his wife being the daughter of a merchant who had failed in business, and who seeing in Platt Redfield a promising young man, who would one day be rich encouraged his daughter to accept his addresses, though she thought by marrying him she was greatly lowering herself. Platt Redfield had married about a year before his brother William, and at the period of our tale he had also an only daughter, a year Mary's senior. But the two cousins were wholly unacquainted with each other; at least Frances Redfield had never seen her cousin to know her, though her cousin had been pointed out to her by her father as they met and passed in the streets.

Between the two brothers there had been no intercourse since Platt, the elder, had got to be worth fifty thousand dollars. At this height above him. Platt gave him the cut direct, thus putting a finishing stroke to a coldness with which he had been gradually treating him since he had been growing rich—a coldness which approached zero precisely in the ratio of degrees with which his thousands approached fifty.

This, without any quarrel, the brothers became estranged, because one remained in the vale of poverty and the other was mounting the hill of opulence. William only smiled at his brother's cold treatment.

'He fears,' said he, to his good wife at home, 'that I shall ask him for money; but he is mistaken. I am poor, it is true; but so long as I have my health, and can work, I am too rich to beg. Well, it is best, perhaps, that we are strangers; for between a poor man and a rich penurious man there can be no friendship, brothers though they be!'

Platt Redfield had been increasing in wealth year after year, till rumor made him worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. His daughter Frances was, therefore, an heiress!

William Redfield had been decreasing in health, which was his wealth till most of the time he was unable to work, and in winter the rheumatism held him in its bondage in his bed. Mary's needle was therefore, the stay of the little household.

Our story opens on New Year's eve. The sun had set in a brilliantly cold sky, and the stars sparkled and flashed through the pure atmosphere like diamonds. It was the coldest night of the season. The thermometer was many degrees below zero. The few persons that were out moved rapidly along, muffled to the eyes in furs, and as they passed beneath the lamps, their breath was visible like a cloud of white smoke, streaming behind them. The watchmen threshed their arms against their sides, and tramped quickly with their feet, to circulate the blood. The sleigh coaches that were abroad, dashed like meteors, the horse's chest and shoulders white with hoarfrost.

Through a thick coating of frost upon the panes of a narrow window in a humble tenement in a retired street, struggled faintly the rays of a light within. The house was a two-story wooden building, and very old. It was not worth a tenth part of the value of the land it stood upon; yet it was rented out to several poor families. One of these was the family of William Redfield He lived in the two right-hand rooms on the first floor, a front and back room. The light was in his front room. It stood upon a small pine table by the bedside, in a tin candle-stick. It was a fragment of a cheap tallow dip that could be bought for a penny. The furniture of the room was very scant and yet neat. There was an air of taste blended with all the poverty. The bed was a low truckle, and meanly furnished. Upon it lay the once strong form of William Redfield: his features were haggard, and sharpened with sufferings. Near him sat Mary, working in worsted a piece of embroidery: she looked pale and over-worked, yet her face wore a calm expression—a look of sweet serenity, that the most despairing could not contemplate without a feeling of composure. Every few stitches, she would look up and watch her father, and occasionally bend tenderly over towards him, to wipe, with her handkerchief that lay upon the pillow, the drops of sweat from his brow. A fire, composed of a few chips, burned upon the hearth, and bending over it, preparing some food, was William Redfield's wife, a woman on whose face sorrow and care interwove their lines with the brighter ones of patience and hope. Her features still retained traces of former beauty. She was dressed in a plain gown of linsey-woolsey, and wore a neat cotton cap upon her head. Her appearance was perfectly neat; for the least refinement of the heart will always show itself through the lowest poverty.

The situation of this family was just now one of keen destitution. William had been laid up with the rheumatism all winter, and for some weeks past had been suffering under a rheumatic fever. The attention he required called upon Mary's time so that she had almost altogether to throw aside her needle. Yet at such times as her father slept, which was but seldom, she, as she was now doing, stole a few moments to work at her embroidery. During her father's illness she had not made four dollars, and all the expenses of the family, both of the table, his medicines, and the quarter's rent, had to come out of her little store laid by. She had been for three weeks past reduced to her last shilling, and what money had been used since had been raised by the disposal, at ruinous sacrifices, of articles of furniture. Hence the present desolate aspect of things in the room. Edith Redfield, the wife had enough to do with her household cares, though she did all she could for her husband.—But there were meals to be got ready (a very little there was to eat, indeed, but that little had to be cooked,) water to be brought, wood to be gathered and fire to be kept up, medicines to prepare, and other duties that were incumbent upon her. Thus all the care of her suffering husband fell upon Mary.

She was now busily employed to finish a piece of work which she had had on hand five weeks. She was to get three dollars for it when completed, and she was exerting herself to the utmost, stealing every moment from the bed-side to ply her needle. Three dollars was a great deal of money to her! and as she thought over in her mind how many things it would buy for them, fire-wood, oranges, cooling medicines, a score of little comforts that the sick only can appreciate, she thought every blessing was wrapped up in three dollars! So she plied fast and cheerfully her bright needle, her young full heart beating, *beating*, to every stitch, her throbbing fingers seemingly working out the heart's toil!

'Mary,' said the poor man, turning restlessly over, 'what o'clock is it?'

'It must be near eight, father.'

'I had thought it was full past ten,' he said, in a tone of disappointment. How slow the hours go!—how long, the nights are!'

'I will read to you, father,' said Mary, laying down her work.

'I have got the herb tea ready for you, William,' said his wife. 'Will you drink it now?'

'Is there any tea or coffee in the house?' he asked, putting back the bowl.

'No, William.'

'Then you must keep this sage tea for yourself and Mary. You will need something warm to-night, for the fire is going out.'

'We need nothing, dear father. To morrow, I shall have completed this fire-screen, and I shall have three dollars.'

'You are so kind and good to your poor father! I can't think of my own sufferings when I see how you and Edith deny yourselves for me. Edith, tell me truly, have you any bread to eat?'

'No, William, but don't worry, dear, we shall do well,' answered his wife, gently.

The sick man's fevered cheek grew more flushed, and an expression of suffering, too acute and full of expression to be physical, passed across his face.

'I will read to you, father.'

'Do, dear child—do, dear angel! I can forget both pain and poverty while I listen to your voice, though my mind takes no heed of the words. Alas! for my brother—my poor unfeeling brother!'

'Do you not think, dear father, if he knew how badly off you were, he would aid you?'

'No, Mary—no, Edith! you do not know my brother so well as I do! He would not give me a dollar if I should ask him for it! He has seen me in the streets—he has met me in my ragged laboring clothes, and cast an eye of disdain, of hatred, upon me, as if he thought I degraded him! No, no!—I have thought it all over laying here, and know that he will do nothing. Read, child, read, and let me comfort my mind with the sweet, strong words of the scripture!'

In about ten minutes, William Redfield fell into a deep and quiet sleep, his hands folded upon his breast. His wife, weary with watching and anxiety, soon slumbered in her chair. Mary softly laid down the Bible, and with a prayer in her heart that He who beholds the poor and needy, and hath pity on them, would regard them with loving kindness and tender mercy, resumed her needle She had only two leaves and part of a stem to finish, when it would be complete.

'If dear father sleeps,' she said to herself, 'I can get this done before nine o'clock, and then I will put on my hood and cloak and run with it to the store. It always keeps open till half-past nine. If I can get the money to-night, how happy I shall be! I shall come home laden with good things!'

And as fast as her thought flew, flew her needle Her father slept on. At length the rich color suddenly mounted to her cheeks, the brightening eye, and happy, thankful smile, showed that the work was *done*—the three dollars earned!

She rolled up the magnificent piece of embroidery, and then stepping to a closet, took down a neat hood and shawl—a warm, coarse shawl—and put them on. She pinned the embroidery up in a piece of newspaper, and then noiselessly approaching her father, saw that he slept. She then advanced to her mother's chair, and whispered—

'Dear mother!'

Edith awoke instantly and quietly, as if she had been long accustomed to be waked soon after droping to sleep. She was about to express her surprise at seeing Mary with her hood and shawl on.

'Hush, dear mother! Father sleeps soundly. I have completed the screen!'

'God be blessed, Mary! William can have an orange now, and some chicken broth, that the doctor recommended.'

Doctors are wont to recommend to the poor many little things by the way of luxuries without enquiring whether they can obtain them. This is the refinement of cruelty, though doubtless unintended to be so! The Doctor who had twice, and only twice, visited William Redfield (for he found he should not be likely to get his pay) had recommended oranges, chicken broth, sago, and even *blanc-mange*, besides leaving expensive prescriptions which could not be made up at the apothecaries for them, for want of the means to pay.

'Yes. I am going now to carry my work to the store!'

'Not to-night, dear child!'

'It is not yet nine! They are open!'

'But it is so cold! You will perish! And only a shawl. Now you will miss your cloak that you sold!'

'Don't speak of it, dear mother: it was for father's good. I shall not feel the cold! Besides, it is not far! I shan't be gone twenty minutes! If father wakes, tell him I shall return soon!'

'But——'

'Don't say a word, dear mother,' persevered the beautiful embroidery girl. 'I will return with blessings! and a New Year's present for you and him!'

With these cheerful words the young girl glided from the room and out of the entry into the cold, clear air of the night. As she closed the outer door of the old house and stepped upon the sidewalk, she had for a moment to catch her breath, the atmosphere was so sharp and frosty. The cold penetrated through her shawl, and chilled her in an instant. But her brave heart was warm! It was warm with filial love and heavenly charity. It was warm with gratitude to God that he had given her health and time to labor at her task and complete it. Three dollars! How those magic words filled her thoughts! They seemed to combine and enfold all the world's happiness. She tripped along wrapping tightly about her graceful figure the coarse blanket shawl, and drawing closely over her eyes the front of the hood.

She turned into Washington street. She passed two or three persons wraped in furs, who turned and looked after her, wondering what so genteel a young girl could be out for on such a night, and wondering how she could keep from perishing, so thinly clad! They did not know that her good heart kept her warm.

She glided past the frosted windows of the few lighted shops, and reached, at length, the fancy store. It was open. The light shone dim through the iced windows as through ground glass. She lifted the latch to enter. Her thumb adhered to the frosted brass, and was taken away again only with pain.

A middle aged man in spectacles, pert-looking and self-important, in a white cravat, tied behind his neck, and his hair brushed with great care to one side, stood behind the counter folding up fringe on cards. Not far from him was a short, dumpy woman with red, fat cheeks, like those of a Dutch landlady, a turn-up nose, and two very hard, cold, money-begetting eyes. She was looking through her spectacles at an account-book, of which she seemed to be the keeper. Further on sat a young girl in red hair, with a bottle-nose and a waist drawn into the symmetry of an hour-glass.

Mary closed the door, and with an air of doubt and trembling, as if she knew whom she had to deal with, advanced to the counter where the young lady stood. She drew from beneath her shawl her bundle to hand it to her, but her fingers being numb with the cold, she let it slip from them to the floor. She instantly picked it up, and said—

'Here is the screen, Mrs. Curtis. I should have completed it before, but my father has been very ill for some weeks and I have had to take care of him.'

'Uh! you have kept it long enough, Miss. I was thinking to-day that you might conclude to keep it altogether, and if you had not brought it to-night I should have sent Ophelia Ann Elizabeth after it; for there is seven dollars and a ninepence worth of worsted in it. I hope it is done well—but it has done it no good to drop it as I see.'

Mary made no reply.

She then unfolded it and began to examine it. It was evident from the sparkling of her eyes that she thought it admirably executed. Mr. Curtis and Miss Ophelia Ann Elizabeth Curtis approached and each took a shoulder to look over at the work—that work which had wrought into it so much of the life of the trembling young girl who stood by the stove trying to warm her perishing feet.

'It is pretty fair,' said Mr. Curtis; 'but I have seen better work!'

'It looks as if it had been slighted, mother; particularly that lotus leaf, and the stem of the moss rose bud,' said, with a turn of her turn-up nose, Miss Ophelia Ann Elizabeth, who being herself very ugly, (we apply the term in both its uses) hated every body that was handsome; and Mary Redfield being unusually handsome, was hated by her proportionably.

'I have done it quite as well as my former pieces,' answered Mary firmly but respectfullly.

'Yes, I dare say; but it is to order, I have to be particular,' said Mrs. Curtis.

'Yes, Miss Redfield is very particular indeed,' said Mr. Curtis; 'and as she is a rich heiress, she must be humored.'

Mary started at the name. Had she then been working this fire-screen for her rich cousin? How strange that it should be so! Oh! if she knew how——But I will not murmur! 'Mrs. Curtis,' she continued, going to the counter, 'will you have the goodness to let me have the three dollars, as I wish to hasten home to my father!'

'Three dollars!' repeated the old lady, opening her eyes; 'did I promise you three dollars? It must be a mistake, Miss, what's your name, for its too high for such a piece of work. Isaac, do you recollect?'

'I am sure you didn't promise so much,' answered her husband in the thin, wiry, snivelling tone that might be expected of a man who weighed every piece of money that he took, from a dollar down to a fourpence halfpenny, and refused to receive any that were a grain less than due weight; but who never let a piece of money go *from* him so heavy by a few grains, as it came into his hands. The 'clippings' paid his expenses!

'You couldn't have promised, mother,' chimed in Ophelia Ann.

'Indeed you did, Mrs. Curtis,' answered Mary, with a feeling of indignation, but fearing to show it, lest she should loose her hard earned wages.

'I don't remember it! I'll pay you two dollars and a half, and not a cent more! Perhaps, if you had got it done three weeks ago, you might have got three dollars. Miss Redfield has been twice here and asked for it!'

'Yes, she stopped in her own carriage to-day,' said Miss Curtis. In the tone and manner of one who esteemed it a very great honor to have a rich heiress stop at her shop in her own carriage. In her mind Miss Redfield's deigning to enter the shop conferred upon it style and brought it into honor.

'If you won't pay me more than two dollars and a half I must take it!' said Mary, sadly, the tears almost stealing from her eyes.

'Call to-morrow,' said Mr. Curtis, coldly.

'Can't you let me have it now?'

'Now?' repeated the woman. 'I haven't yet compared it with the pattern!'

'You can compare it now.'

'I must see it by day-light—besides, the cash account is made up for this day. You must come to-morrow.'

'I *must* have it to-night!' said Mary, firmly, and yet hardly able to articulate.

'You *must*? We don't know any *musts* here, young lady,' said Mr. Curtis, with asperity.

'How impertinent!' remarked Miss Ophelia Ann. 'If I was you, mother, I wouldn't pay her till next week.'

'Mrs. Curtis, if you will pay me to-night one dollar,' said Mary, the tears gushing from her eyes in spite of herself, for she felt her grief was too sacred to be witnessed by them; 'if you will pay me one dollar, I will call to-morrow for the rest.'

'I can't pay out money after nine o'clock,' said Mr. Curtis, the bell at that moment striking. 'It is my rule, and I never depart from a rule, never!'

'If you will take a dollar in full, Miss, I will pay it you out of my own purse,' said Mrs. Curtis, seeing her distress, and wishing to take advantage of the domestic necessities, of the existence of which she knew those bright tears, and that agitated bosom, were the eloquent evidences.

'No, no! Much as my father wants—much as I need it—I cannot make this sacrifice,' she gasped. 'I will try and get through without it to-night! To-morrow you will pay me?' she added, imploringly raising her glistening, beautiful eyes to their faces.

'Yes, if I find it looks as well by daylight, and compares with the pattern,' answered the woman, coldly; 'but you had better take the dollar to-night, Miss!'

'No! I will come to-morrow,' she answered, faintly, and tottered rather than walked from the shop.

Are there such people as the Curtis's? asks a warm-hearted, generous reader of the foregoing scene. Go and ask the poor! Every poor girl will tell you she has worked for Mr. and Mrs. Curtis.

The clear cold air revived the almost sinking victim of heartless avarice—of that love of money *as* money that shrinks to part with it, and clings to it, and hold greedily upon it to the very last moment, ere it lets it go out in honest payment. These people were happy, and chuckled over their success that they had prevailed in keeping the two dollars and a half in their own hands another day. Mr. Curtis went to bed so much richer than he would have gone to bed had he paid honestly the wages due to the gentle laborer. But there is a curse upon those who withhold from the laborer the wages of his toil, and to it let the indignant leave them. The avaricious man, the extortioner, the defrauder of the poor, the oppressor of the moneyless, the withholder of wages, he who underrateth the poor man's toil and getteth his sinews for less than he ought, who coineth money out of the necessities of the hireling, these men—and the world is full to repletion of them—will God one day judge.—It is this reflection that upholds the good man in his patience.

The bracing atmosphere without revived her, for she thought she should have fainted before she could open the shop door. She drew her shawl closely about her, and hurried on for a few steps homeward. She was painfully realizing in imagination her mother's disappointment and her father's need. She was going home empty-handed, but full-hearted with grief and indignation.—As she was crossing a fashionable street, on her way to her own humble lane, she recollected that in it, not many houses off, dwelt her father's brother, the rich Platt Redfield. She had seen the house—she had passed it on purpose to see it.

'I will go to him! I will tell him his brother is lying ill and in want! He will not turn me away! I will speak to my cousin! She will listen to me; she will plead with me to him to relieve my father! No, I will not go home without having done something to make my father's situation more comfortable! I will, rich as his brother is, go to him without fear!'

No sooner had she come to this resolution, than she followed the spacious side-walk for about a square, passing the imposing houses where dwelt wealth and luxury. She soon came in front of Platt Redfield's handsome residence. The drawing-room windows were curtained with rich crimson damask, through which the softened lights shone gorgeously colored.

She hurried up the marble steps and rang.—How her heart throbbed and fluttered like a frightened bird, struggling under her shawl! But why should she fear? She was doing no wicked thing—and she gathered courage at the reflection. The door was swung open quickly and widely, and a much-dressed footman, with his mouth full of cold chicken, (for he had been interrupted at his nine o'clock supper,) stood before her.

'Well, Miss?' he said impatiently, but with a genteel brogue.

'I wish to speak with Mr. Redfield?' said Mary with a firmness that surprised her. But she had wrought her mind up to the crisis.

'Give me your message, Miss. He don't like to be disturbed after he gets his boots off.'

'I can only give it to him in person,' she answered earnestly. 'I must see him, sir?'

'Well,' said the Irish footman with a tone of surprise, 'come in, for I am chilled entirely, and I will speak to him.'

In two minutes he returned, and told her to follow him.

Mr. Platt Redfield was seated in a room perfectly overladen and burthened with luxurious articles of furniture, ottomans, hangings, pictures, vases, busts, mantle ornaments, gilded books, costly fancy articles, and a hundred expensive showy things, all arranged with an eye to display rather than for use. They were so many exponents of his riches. They did to tell people how rich he was, and that was enough.

He was a stout, large man, with a strong physiognomy, hard and shrewd. He *looked* like a self-made rich man. He was reading the newspaper, seated in a velvet arm-chair, before a brightly glowing grate. A brace of branched candelebras were over the marble mantle-pieces, with tall green, blue and red wax candles in the sockets; but none of them were alight. He was reading by a costly looking solar lamp, that shed an agreeable light throughout the room. Mr. Redfield seemed to be enjoying himself in the lap of comfort and luxury.

Near him, at a small Chinese work-table, sat his daughter, the heiress. Her resemblance to Mary Redfield was at once strikingly apparent; but there was the absence of the warm heart, the generous soul, the sweet, retiring modesty, that gave to Mary's face its nameless charm—that caused her father, as she gazed on her and felt how kind and good she was, to call her an ANGEL!

Frances Redfield was very handsome, but no one thought of an angel and of her at the same time, from any natural association. She was a proud, brilliant, haughty-looking girl, who *looked* the heiress quite as much as her father looked the millionaire. She was profusely dressed, with a great and distasteful display of jewelry in her hair, her ears, upon her bosom, and fingers. She was reading the descriptions of the Parisian fashions in Godey.

'Father, I see that sky blue velvets are in fashion,' she said, speaking without looking up, and in a tone self-confident. 'I must have me a hundred dollars to-morrow to get me one!'

'Well, don't interrupt me!'

'Shall I have it!'

'Yes,' he answered, laying down the paper.—'What is it you asked? How much?'

'A hundred, sir. I want a new velvet!'

'You had a velvet come home yesterday.'

'Yes, but it is a plum! I see blues are the rage. Do you think I will wear a plum now?'

'You will cost me a fortune, girl.'

This was spoken in a tone of complaint, but without displeasure. He couldn't give money away without saying *something*.

'I am your only daughter!' she answered angrily.

'True, true! I don't refuse! But——'

'I must have another hundred, father! I see that blue is only a street dress, and that pearl satins are evening costume! I must have one of them!'

'Bless me! how much a woman's dress costs! I hope you will soon marry Mr. Palmore!'

'Then you will have to give me fifty thousand!' said the heiress, laughing.

'I'd rather do it than be dribbled out of my money this way!'

'Well, I shall marry after I have had life enough. He is sure, sir!'

'I dare say. He knows what you'll get. But he has something.'

'He has a large plantation in Virginia; but this is nothing. I marry him for his family. It is the first in the country. It will immediately place me in the station I aspire to; for you know that money won't do every thing here in Boston, father. There are some of the old families here that don't notice us.'

At this moment the street bell was rung by Mary.

'A young girl wishes—*insists* you say, on seeing me, Michael?'

'Yes, sir. She won't go away, and as she was young and pretty, I let her in?'

'Let me see her. What can she want?'

Mary entered with the air of one conscious that she is true and good, and with that calm, firm expression which the object that had brought her there naturally impressed upon her face.—Frances stared with surprise and a feeling of envy as she saw how beautiful the intruder was.—Mr. Redfield seemed instinctively to guess who she was. The likeness to her cousin could not but strike him. It did, and before she spoke he knew that it was William's daughter. He had once seen her with him in the street. He frowned and looked brow-beatingly at her.

'Sir,' said Mary, with a respectful and earnest manner, 'I have called to ask your aid in behalf of your brother, William Redfield. He has been all the winter confined to his bed by a wasting fever, and is now destitute. I am his daughter, sir, and it is painful and humiliating to me to come before you in this manner. I have done all I could to support him by my needle, but he has required all my time to nurse him, and I have been unable to earn any thing for some weeks. My father himself has been too proud to send to you. He is ignorant that I have come here.—I should not have come, sir, if I had not been disappointed to-night in receiving pay for some work I took home. I know, sir, you have only to be made acquainted with the sickness and destitution of your brother to relieve him!'

'Indeed!' whistled Mr. Platt Redfield, after she had done, and assuming an air of outraged dignity.

'I declare!' ejaculated the heiress, 'if this is not the heighest of audacity! Then you are William Redfield's daughter?' she resumed, in a tone of inimitable contempt, taking her quizzing glass and eyeing her through it from head to foot. 'I have heard we had such relations who disgrace us! Pretty well to intrude upon us here!'

'I don't know nothing about you nor your father!' cried the millionarie. I will be obliged to you to retire from my house and never show your nun-like face in it again!'

'To have the impertinence to claim relationship with us! I believe she is an imposter!'

'No, Frank,' said the rich man, very pointedly, 'she is no imposter. She looks too much like you to be that!'

'Like *me*? Like me?' Miss Frances Redfield's voice failed her from indignant rage. It found vent through her eyes She burst into tears, and Mary thought she should personally assail her. But she soon got speech:

'This is an insult—a gross insult to me, father! Leave the house, girl! I wish you and your father might die, so that we heard no more of you to disgrace us. Leave the house! Michael, show her out! The minx! I dare say you will go to cousining *me* in the street some day! Father, I shall be afraid to step my foot out of doors! Dare to——'

The parlor door closed on the young embroidery girl, and Michael preceded her to the street door. Mary was not so much grieved as shocked and insulted by her reception. She had never conceived of any thing parallel with it. She did not have time to feel disappointed or sad!—She only wished to get out of their presence as soon as convenient.

'An' is it thrue, Miss, ye are the young leddy's cousin?' said Michael, as he placed his hand on the knob of the outer door.

'Yes, sir; I am the daughter of her father's brother—but he is a poor man!'

'I can believe you are cousins. You are as like as two paas, only you are the swate paa.—Here, Miss, there, take that! It is a gould eagle. Don't refuse. It shan't be said a tight Irish boy ever turned the face o' charity away from a poor girl with a handsome eye!'

'I cannot take it!' said Mary, her heart overflowing with a grateful re-action of feeling, as she thought how all were not hard-hearted and unfeeling.

'Do you want to hear me swear?'

'No.'

'Thin if you do not take it at onct, I'll begin to swear sich ooths that I'll niver take it from ye as ye niver perhaps heard!'

'I need it—my father needs it! I will take it—and may God bless you here and hereafter!'

'Thin I'll go to heaven widout fear! A prayer from such swate lips is a blessin' in itself!'

'I hope soon to repay you.'

'You shall niver do it!' answered Michael stoutly. Now, good night, avourneen, and kape well wrapt from the could, for it's light coverin' you have for the night abroad!'

With a happy heart—happy notwithstanding her reception by her uncle and cousin—made happy by the zealous kindness of the gallant and generous Michael, she tripped down the steps, and hastened homeward, forgiving, in her joy, all the wrongs she had received.

[Part II, The Embroidery-Worker, next week.]

MR CALHOUN'S SPEECH.

The editor of the Age, who was present in the Senate chamber, gives the following synopsis of Mr. Calhoun's speech of the 18th March:

Mr. Calhoun, in his argument, did not go into the question of title, but dwelt principally upon the duty of our Government to adjust their difficulty with England by compromise and negociation, or arbitration; upon the expenses, evils and dangers of war, and the blessings of peace. He was willing to give a qualified notice, because he argued that such a measure did not *now* look to war as the only means of adjusting the difficulty. He contended that the situation of the question had essentially changed since the commencement of the session (that at that time he should have opposed the notice in any form, as it then was simply a war measure,) he defined the meaning of "masterly inactivity," as being nothing more than to permit natural causes quietly to work out their sure results, not absolute inaction. He was not in favor of having this matter speedily adjusted, and contended that in this he was entirely consistant with his course at the beginning of the session, because consistency consisted in so changing our measure as to adapt them to the changing circumstances of the case. He professed himself ready to go for notice, with a qualification, similar to the resolution passed by Mr Colquitt. The speech was far from being one of the most successful efforts. It was labored and though he exhibited considerable ingenuity, in many parts of it, it may well be doubted whether it will be one of those speeches which his friends will select to go down to posterity with his "selected speeches."

What constitutes a ghost. The New London Advocate states that the community have been in a state of considerable alarm, by the appearance of what was believed to be a ghost, but after dilligent inquiry it was discovered that his ghoastship was a tall, lean lank fellow who undertook to amuse himself by donning women's apparal, and the cause of his ghostly appearance was, his neglecting to put on a *bustle?*

Hard case. The editor of the Providence (Pa.) Mirror, knows of a couple of old folks who are in tribulation. The old man says he has succeeded in breaking his wife of the habit of drawing water in his boot, for dinner, but she persists in making a coal hod of his night cap, and he threatens divorce. He's right.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The recent message of the President affords another proof of his fidelity to the country, and of the wise comprehensive and patriotic policy of his administration. Two errors prevail in the country, equally injurious to our true interests. One is that there is no danger of a war; that England will surrender the whole of Oregon rather than engage in hostilities. The other is that if England persist in her claims we had better recognize them then jeopard the peace of the world by resistance. We do not admit the wisdom or propriety of either of these positions.—That England will not surrender peaceably all that is now claimed by some Americans is apparent. For twenty years she has had repeated opportunities to adjust the difficulty upon the basis of the 49th parallel, and yet she has never shown the least disposition to avail herself of them; on the contrary, she has been engaged in a systematic plan of colonization, and since the treaty of 1818 has brought all the territory north of forty-nine, if not all north of the Columbia river under her jurisdiction. And she now asserts that the territory north of forty-nine is not a subject for negotiation. To be sure England does not threaten us with war; her language is that of peace. But has it not been avowed by the government itself, in reply to the enquiries of our minister, that the great increase of her available force by land and by sea is being made with direct reference to the condition of American affairs? Who then may not see in this fact alone stronger testimony than the words of her ministers that the dispute must be settled according to her notions or an appeal made to arms? Her government is wise enough to know that whatever concessions are to be made, can be made with more dignity and honor now than at any time hereafter. Every delay and every unsuccessful negotiation adds to existing difficulties, inflames the passions and prejudices of the parties, renders them more sensitive upon points of honor and less likely to recede from any position before taken. All this is known to the British government, and yet, so far as the public are acquainted with the progress of events, she has not made any propositions which is compatible with the rights of the republic. If concessions are to be made by either party, they must be made soon. Yet the British government has done nothing beyond an offer of arbitration, which it must have known would have been refused by us. Those persons, then, who supposed that Britain will surrender whatever we claim, have much mistaken her policy and true interests. She will never abandon the whole of Oregon without a struggle for the mastery.

Those of our citizens who supposed that it is better to surrender the whole of Oregon than fight for it, have mistaken the feelings, the rights and the interests of the American people. The harbors south of the parallel of forty-nine must and will be securred to us, be the cost and the sacrifice ever so great. Nothing less will satisfy public justice, or enable us to secure the principal advantage to be derived from the territory—an expeditious communication with the East Indies and China. Should England now offer the 49th parallel as a boundary, it would be a grave question whether we ought not to accept it; but it is not a matter for doubt that every less favorable proposition ought at once to be rejected.—We say, then, that every man who would purchase peace by a surrender of harbors south of forty-nine, would endanger the true interests of the country.

After England has for twenty years refused the forty-ninth parallel as the boundary, will she now offer it to us? In this question is involved that of war. Should she do it, peace *may be secured*, should she neglect it, war is inevitable. We say *may be secured*, for it is not certain that the President and Senate will be ready to make so great a concession to the general desire for peace. These facts are well known. Nothing less than the forty-ninth parellel will satisfy the American government or people. Great Britain has every reason to suppose that the offer of it would not be refused by us. Yet with a knowledge of these two facts, she is making extensive preparations for war with the United States. Under these circumstanees we say, after reflection, that war is *possible*, or it may be even *probable*. That the government so regard the matter is apparent from the directness of the President's message.—He urges upon congress the necessity of immediate and affective additions to our army and navy.

It is of the utmost importance that these recommendations receive the sanction of congress without unnecessary delay, whether the dispute be settled amicably or otherwise. If the preparations of Britain are to awe us to submission a movement of this kind will soon change her policy and dissipate her hopes; if on the other hand, they are for a more serious conflict, we should lose no time in idle declamation, but proceed at once to the "work of war." The contest will be no holiday amusement for either party.

An additional reason for adopting the President's recommendations is, that our peace establishment is altogether insufficient for the protection of our commerce. We trust there will be no faint hearts or feeble hands in congress, but that all will unite to place the government in a position to secure our rights by negociation or defend them by arms. [Boston Post.

ECONOMY—OUR NAVY.

We wish every member of Congress would consider the following queries and remarks made by the intelligent editor of the Philadelphia Keystone. The cry of *economy* will yet be the destruction of this country; for it will leave us far in the back ground, when we shall find need for this right arm of our national defence. It is not *economy* to keep our mechanics idle while our Navy Yards are going to dilapidation, and a heavy sum is yearly expended for idle naval officers, who are so because the government has no vessels to employ them. [Old Dominion.

"Is our Navy sufficient for every emergency? Is permanent peace a matter of certainty? Questions like these will be difficult of affirmative replies, and the cry of expense is the hobgoblin story used to frighten childish minds. The money is spent upon our own workmen, for our materials and our own labor; it is for national purposes; still here; not a dollar of it leaves the country; and it is a false economy which will place dollars and cents in the scale against national protection and our country's honor. We want more naval force. Our increased commerce in time of peace will require it. Ourselves, our honor, and our safety, will make it indispensable, in time of war. We look for an early war.—We believe the Oregon question incapable of satisfactory settlement; but whether there is to be peace or war, we want to see our navy at once placed in a position of strength and power."

Proposed Preparations in Canada. The Provincial Parliament assembled at Montreal on the 20th ult. The new Governor, the Earl Cathcart, addressed them; and from his speech we call the following passages, which are relevant to the relations between Great Britain and the United States:

"I should under any circumstances have directed your early attention to the condition of the militia law; but the *unsettled state of the negociations* which have been for some time past carried on between the imperial government and that of the United States of America, renders it imperative upon me to press immediately upon your consideration the *necessity of re-organization of this arm of the public defence.* I feel the most unbounded confidence that the loyalty and patriotism of every class of her majesty's subjects in Canada will be conspicuous, as they have been heretofore, should occasion call for their services to aid in the protection of their country; but a well digested and uniform system is indispensable to give a fitting direction to the most zealous efforts.

"At the same time, I feel warranted in assuring you that, while our gracious sovereign will ever rely on the free and loyal attachment of her Canadian people for the defence of this province, and the maintenance of British connection, her majesty will be prepared, as her predecessors have always been, to *provide with promptitude and energy, corresponding with the power and resources of the empire, for the security of her North American dominions.*"

"The last intelligence from the mother country indicates a most important change in the commercial policy of the empire. I had previously taken occasion to press upon her majesty's government a due consideration of the effect that any contemplated alteration might have on the interests of Canada. But until we have a fuller exposition of the projected scheme, which a few days will probably bring to us, it would be premature to anticipate that the claims of this province to a just measure of protection had been overlooked."

Preparation is mentioned in England. It is pressed upon the Provincial Parliament in Canada. Is it wise for us to neglect it in our own country? [Washington Union.

A Weather Glass. If a leech is kept in a phial of water, it is said to be an infallible Weather Glass, and it is certain a very cheap one. The experiment had been tried in England with the following result:—

"If the weather continues serene and beautiful, the leech lies motionless at the bottom of the glass, and rolled together in a spiral form. If it rains either before or after noon, it is found to have crept up to the top of its lodging, and there remains till the weather is settled. If we are to have wind, the poor prisoner moves through its limped habitation with amazing swiftness, and seldom rests till it begins to blow quiet hard. If a remarkable storm of thunder and rain is to succeed for some days before it lodges almost continually out of water, and discovers great uneasiness in violent throes and convulsive-like motion. In frost as in clear weather, it is constantly at the bottom. And in snow, as in rainy weather, it pitches its dwelling upon the very mouth of the phial. It may not be amiss to notice that the leech is kept in a common eight ounce phial, about three fourth filled with water and covered on the mouth with a bit of linen rag. In the summer time, the water is changed once a week, and in the winter once a fortnight."

From Yucatan. We have just seen letters from Campeachy, which confirm all that had before been said of the willingness of the present government of Mexico to concede everything to the demands of Yucatan, and ratify those treaties, the violation of which led to the alienation of that department.

Mexico is pressing in her eagerness to win back Yucatan; but sensible men are fearful of the stability of the administration of Paredes, and they would have Yucatan disentangled from Mexico, in case the latter country should become yet more involved with foreign powers

They talk of sending commissioners to the United States—some say, to treat of obtaining our protection; others, of an actual incorporation in our Union.

In every respect these letters, which are numerous and late, confirm the intimations which have before been given of the radical disaffection of the Yucatecos from the Central Government of Mexico.

Congress meets on the 23 of April, until which time all will be left to conjecture as to the course of this former department of Mexico. [N. O. Picayune.

Mr. Orrin Holms, as a compliment for his perseverance and success, in running the late Express from Portland to Montreal. A similar whip has been presented by the same gentleman, to Mr. Almeran Bouge, for the same cause. It will be recollected that these gentlemen, drove the express from Portland to Sherbrooke. Mr H. from P. to Andover, and Mr. B. from Andover to Sherbrooke. [Argus.

Appropriate Motto—Whig Dish. "Union and Harmony," the motto of a federal paper in Maryland, by a slight mistake was made to read "*Onions and Homing.*" Nothing said about the roast beef.—[Ohio Union.

As ravenous birds are quickest sighted so the worst men are the greatest fault finders.

THE NOTICE—MR. EVANS.

It is not to be disguised that the American people are looking with deep anxiety to the Senate for the action upon the question of Notice. After the passage of the Resolutions in the House by so large a majority, the opinion was confidently and generally entertained that the Senate would concur, and thus make a beginning toward bringing the Oregon controversy to a close. But the subject seems to be more like a dead weight in this Branch, than any thing else. The whig members, some of them at least, are evidently attempting to throw obstacles in the way of a speedy adjustment of the question, with a view to reap some party advantage. At the opening of the session some of the most distinguished Whig Senators applauded the position assumed by the Administration, and indications were favorable to the supposition that upon this great national question, the American people would unitedly sustain the President in his views and recommendations. A portion of the Whig press seem disposed to co-operate with the Democratic party in vindicating the American title. In the House discussion, many of the whig members and more of them by their votes, exhibited a spirit of patriotism superior to party ends, to which the fullest justice should be accorded.—But all is not gold that glitters, neither does the sign of to day give sure promise of what the morrow will be. Those who have flattered themselves that the Whig party, as such would stand by the country in the controversy, have been calculating without their hosts.

It is the keenest mortification that the people of Maine, whose sympathies are warmly enlisted in behalf of the American claim, are compelled to bear the stigma of placing in the Senate an advocate whose ingenuity has been taxed, and whose voice is heard above all others in disparaging our title to the territory in dispute. What citizen of Maine, who possesses a spark of State pride, can read, with the least complacency, Mr. Evans' recent speech on this question? What man of any party whose bosom swells with the emotions of patriotism, can but feel indignant when he sees a Maine Senator devoting the last remnant of his political mourns in traducing the character of the American claim, surrounded and flattered by the advocates of British interests, and even receiving the smiles and adulations of the British Minister himself? The feelings of that man are not to be envied, who can contemplate such a scene without experiencing a thrill of burning shame and indignation. And yet there are presses even in Maine, whose blind adhesion to party instincts permits them to contemplate such a course with approbation, and to applaud the actor in such a scene as a man of fearless independence. Heaven save the mark! If such a man, and such a course, are to receive the plaudits of the press, it is devoutly to be hoped that the occasions for them will be far less frequent than angels visits.

But the Democracy of Maine will soon set this matter right. A day of retribution is at hand—and their character is improperly appreciated if the earliest opportunity will not be seized upon to rebuke the anti-American feeling of Mr. Evans, by placing a man in the Senate, whose effort will be devoted to advocating and sustaining the honor of the country. Civis. [Argus.

Congress. In Senate, April 1, after the disposal of the morning business the special order of the day was taken up and Mr. Benton, by premission of Mr. Ashley, took the floor.—He said that Mr Cass had yesterday pledged himself that if the line of 49 was established west of the Rocky Mountains, by the treaty of Utrecht, he (Mr C.) whould submit to that line as our northern boundary of Oregon. Now he (Mr B.) had come prepared to show that such line was established. He wished to vindicate our Government and the Senate from the charge of ignorance. Having taken this ground Mr. B. went to work in his usual way, to sustain himself by references to documents. He was very sarcastic, and came to the conclusion that Mr Cass must henceforth be a 49 man.

Gen. Cass was not in his seat, Mr Hannagan rose to explain after Mr Benton had concluded. he complimented the Missouri Senator upon his conversion by Mr Calhoun to 'masterly inactivity.'

The House spent the day in the discussion, in Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, of the independent treasury bill. The question is to be taken to-morrow.

Contrast. Observe the difference between a religion which God makes for man, and a religion which man makes for God. Man, in the vanity of his notions and emptiness of his pride, would think the practical precepts of the Gospel as below the dignity of religion. He would think a smoking altar a gorgeous temple a sounding song of hallelujahs, pealing from ten thousand voices, far more sublime than a deed of generosity quietly done to a poor, afflicted, humble creature sinking down in the dust of oblivion and wretchedness. What a deal of smoke and noise there is about the religion men make for God! How generous, gentle, and blessed is the religion which God makes for man.

Fire at Stevens' Plains, (Westbrook.) On Friday night about half past eleven o'clock, a fire broke out at Stevens' Plains,—on the premises of Mr. Joseph Merrill, which consumed his house, barn, shop, and two horses. Also his pedler's wagon, with about $400 worth of goods in it. The buildings were insured for $880. It is suspected that the fire was purposely set. [Argus.

Connubial. "My dear, did John black them boots."

"How should I know—I hain't got nothing to do with your boots. It's washing day."

"But my love, you needn't speak so cross."

"Speak so cross! I did'nt speak cross."

"Oh—yes you did."

"I did'nt."

"I say you *did*."

"I say I *did'nt*."

"By gracious! I won't stand this. It's too bad to be treated in this way. I'll leave you madam. We'll have a separation."

"Oh, Mr. Sloop—was ever a woman so abused. Here I've been working and washing and scrubbing all day long, as hard as ever I could, and then you come home and talk so to me—just kos I don't know noth'n about—your boots—oh!—it is too—bad, it is—boo-hoo!—boo-hoo!"

"Hem! Well, Nancy, I did'nt mean to make you cry. Never mind—I reckon John has blacked my boots Is them sassingers to be fried for supper?"

"Ye-e-es—my dear—I got um for you purticulearly."

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, APRIL 14, 1846.

CONNECTICUT ELECTION.

HURRAH FOR THE NUTMEG STATE!

DEMOCRACY TRIUMPHANT!

The Democrats of Connecticut have done gloriously. They have carried the State with a tremendous rush. A Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Treasurer, Secretary and Comptroller, Senate and House, are all secured to our friends by a handsome majority. The land of steady habits is redeemed from the hands of an imbecile and incompetant party, which never obtains power by direct and honorable means, and never fails to prove that it is unfit to rule.

As far as heard from, the majority against Bizzell, whig, is 983; whig loss from last year 2090; whig plurality less than last year, 2492.

Senate. The whigs claim 9 members, in all they can have out of the 21; the democrats are sure of a majority of 1, will probably have a majority of three; last year the whig majority was 11!

House. Of the 144 towns, 137 have been heard from. The democrats have elected 97 members, the whigs 76, and the abolitionists 1; in 24 districts no choice has been effected. In the towns yet to vote, and to be heard from, the democrats are sure of half; probably more.

This result is most cheering, because the battle was fought by the democrats on fair issues, and the victory is a fair one, unlike that of the whigs in N. Hampshire.

RHODE ISLAND.

The election for Governor and members of the Legislature occurred on the first inst. The Algerine candidate for Gov. (Diman) had a majority against him of 70. The vote stood for Diman 7470, Jackson (dem.) 7391, scattering 158. No choice. The Algerines will have about 7 majority in the House, and 18 in the Senate, and upon the two branches will fall the choice for Governor. "Little Rhody" is getting round by degrees, and will be Democratic one of these days.

PORTLAND ELECTION.

The election for Mayor, Aldermen, Council, &c., in the City of Portland, occured last Tuesday. The vote for Mayor stood, Holden, Dem., 515, Greely, W. 701, Adams, Temp., 514, scattering, 6—no choice.

There were but three Aldermen elected, and seven Common Council men.

The Argus says, there was but little excitement.—The result, thus far, is a curious one. It shows that the *democratic* party have come out of the contest with but a meagre array of strength—the usual result when a portion of the party assist *third parties* into existence, and which always, so far as we recollect, work to the advantage of our common political enemy, the *Whigs*.

THE RAIL ROAD.

We learn from the Argus that the Directors of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Rail Road are taking measures to secure the *right of way*, with a view to the speedy location of the Portland end of the proposed Rail Road. Agents have been appointed, to obtain the right away, who will commence their work the first of this week. The Directors have been in office about six months, and we learn that the work has not been retarded one moment for want of action on their part, but has been pressed forward as fast as circumstances would admit. The probability is that the preliminary work will be accomplished in season to have ground broke the last of May or first of June.

RAIL ROADS.—The Merchant's Magazine says:—It is the nature of railroads to multiply commercial transactions through the facilities they offer, and to create business where none existed before—so that a line which scarcely paid its expenses the first year of its existance, must in a few years become extremely lucrative. It is in this view that railroads claim the attention of merchants more than any other mode of investment, inasmuch as they create the commerce it is their business to transact.

I have a great regard, says Titmarsh, for every man on board that ship, from the captain down to the crew—down even to the cook, with tattooed arms sweating among the saucepans in the galley, who used (with a touching affection) *to send us locks of hair in the soup!*

WHEW!—We find the following in our exchanges. We hope none in these parts will be tempted to follow the fashion.

The force of custom.—At New Orleans, Miss Mary Adkins fancied herself insulted at a ball by Miss Mary Turner, and sent her a challenge to a duel. The police arrested the ladies and bound them over to keep the peace.

THE STANDISH HEIRS.—Our readers will remember a paragraph, published a few weeks since, stating that heirs were wanted to property left in England by Miles Standish, which has been accumulating ever since, and is now estimated to worth £60,000 per annum. Mr. Robert Cushman, of Belmont, Waldo Co., states that he is one of the nearest heirs now living his father's grandmother being Miles Standish's granddaughter. He has a brother, Ignatius, and a cousin, Otis, both living in Belmont; also, three uncles, very aged, one of them, William Cushman, living in Hartford, in this County; another, Nathaniel, living in Warren, Lincoln County; and the third, Andrew, living in Monson; Somerset County.

A writer in the Portland Advertiser states that Major Elias Standish, late of Sumner, in this County, deceased, was a direct descendant of Miles Standish.—His widow is a descendant of Gov. Bradford, and it is believed that Gov. B. was a descendant of Miles Standish. If it should so prove, Miles, the son of Major Standish, deceased, who now resides at Flag Staff, Dead River, Somerset County, will have "two strings to his bow."

Another.—The Bath Telegraph states that, "Mr. David Standish of this town, one of our olded most respectable citizens, is a direct descendant of Miles Standish, and will of course come in for a portion of the spoils."

Recantation from Millerism.—The Akron (Ohio) Democrat says,—We are informed that last Sunday, Mr. Pickards made a public confession, before part of his former society, that he had for some time past been under the influence of a delusion, injurious in its effects on him, and others who had embraced it; and asked forgiveness, and restoration to favor and confidence.

A good example for all who still cling to and embrace that moral Upas, Millerism, to follow. Who of its believers in this County will first start the ball.

Two Wild Cats, of a very singular species, were taken in Weld, in this County, about eight weeks ago. They were so ferocious and fought so furiously that they could not be kept together. Subsequently, one was killed; the other measured three feet in length and twenty-two inches in height. He is now on exhibition in Portland.

A SPECIMEN. We learn, says the Portland Advertiser, that Mr. Waterhouse, the proprietor of the Paris line of stages, brought into this city Monday afternoon *one hundred passengers* on his route alone. This is but one, out of six or seven lines, on different stage routes, which centre in Portland.

Beautiful.—The thirteenth regular toast drunk at the dinner of the Hibernian Society in Philadelphia, on St. Patrick's day, was in these words:

"WOMAN—God bless her, for she blesses us."

It appears from the papers found on board the slavers recently captured, that slaves cost on the coast of Africa, from $15 to $20 each, and will sell in Brazil for $300. If the Pons had reached her destination, she would have cleared $250,000; the Panther, $350,000, above all expenses.

THE INDEPENDENT TREASURY.—The Independent Treasury bill has passed the House by a majority of 57 votes—a majority much larger than was anticipated. That the Senate will concur we cannot doubt, and this great measure, so much abused and misrepresented by the federalists, will then become a law of the land.

A Belgian savant has just discovered that electric light, directed on the human body, makes it so diaphanous as to enable the arteries, veins, and nerves to be seen at work, and their action to be studied.

Thomas Ritchie, Jr., has been acquitted on the trial for killing Pleasants in a duel. The jury did not leave their seats.

The Saco Democrat has been essentially enlarged and improved. It presents a very neat appearance.

A school boy calculates the value of the world at one dollar, because it contains four quarters.

The following paragraph, we copy from the New York Gazette:

"It appears that Paredes has been induced to alter his tone, owing to strong manifestations exhibited against a war with the United States, and that Mr. Slidell, our Minister, had been duly notified that the Government were ready to consider propositions he had to make on behalf of our government, and that their existed no doubt but that the matter would be speedily adjusted. Arista, and the troops under his command, had pronounced against Paredes and the war party."

United States Bank. The Philadelphia U. S. Gazette says an arrangement has been made by which the claim of the United States against the Bank of the United States was provided for, and the bank's assets are now free from the lien of the government, and its affairs can now be more readily settled. This arrangement is one that is calculated to be of very great benefit to those now anxiously awaiting a speedy settlement of the affairs of this *unfortunate* institution.

The celebrated Fontenelle said that women have a fibre more in the heart, and a cell less in the brain, than men. A Boston lady, who always stands up for her sex, says it is better to have one cell less than to carry about empty ones. [Post.

A building from this city containing flour, corn and pork, has arrived at Deer Isle in Penobscot bay, in tolerably good condition.—Distance about fifty miles. [Bangor Democrt.

CATS KILLED BY A RAT.

That the whole of the cat kind are a very cowardly tribe, is only known to those tolerably well versed in zoology. To those who have not considered how clear the distinction is between bravery and ferocity, and who, therefore, associate the idea of intrepidity with the fell tiger, and the sanguinary panther and leopard, the proprosition will appear extravagant; nevertheless, it is true. Of all animals, the dog alone will attack a much superior enemy, and fight against any odds. The cat kind, even when hungry, never attack where they are not sure of possessing superior force.

A very singular incident of the cowardice of the tribe occurred lately at London. At a place called Bank side, Westminster, on the margin of the Thames, a laboring man caught a large rat. Being a fellow of an eccentric turn of mind, he took into his head that he could train the animal to fight its natural hunter, the cat; and, to that end, fed it entirely on young kittens, in order to give it confidence, as well as a taste for its prey, and at the same time, allowing it no liquid but milk, for the purpose of strengthening it. After he had thus dieted the rat for a fortnight, he proposed that is should fight as many cats as it could, at half-a-crown each, stipulating, in return, that the person whose cat might kill it, should be entitled to one guinea. At four o'clock on that day, a full grown cat was put to the rat in a vat, in which the rat had been previously fed, but the cat jumped out, and would not face the rat.—No less than fifteen cats, were, one after another, set on to combat this animal, of which eight ran away, and seven lay dead. A sixteenth was then shamefully set at it. This being bolder and stronger than the rest, and its poor antagonist being exhausted with so many hard fought battles, had better success than its fifteen predecessors, and killed the rat; not however, until after a severe round of fighting.

"Monster Debate." The English papers call the discussion on the Corn laws in the House of Commons, which continued a fortnight, a "monster debate." What whould they call the discussion on the Oregon question which has been under debate in Congress for three months. It was begun in the House of Representatives on the 2d January, and was continued in that body, with a few intermissions until the 9th of February. On that day, the notice resolution was sent up to the Senate, where it has remained till the present day. If that is not a monster debate, it certainly is a monstrous shame to have been continued so long. [Belfast Journal.

San Atonia, Texas, March 5. The Apalolies and Camanches have completely raked down the Mexican frontier, carrying their ravages far into the interior. They indeed occupy at this moment some of the most valuable haciendas in the province of Durango. A gentleman who has resided for the last five years in Durango brings this news, and also says that there are no troops of any consequence on the frontier, and that a large portion of the inhabitants will hail with joy the presence of the Americans on the Rio Grande. [N. O. Jeffersonian.

☞ Capt. Whitney and his wife, of Lincolnville, while attempting to cross Penobscot Bay to Castine in an open boat on Tuesday, were drowned by the capsizing of the boat. The boat struck a cake of ice in a squall and stove a hole in her bow. This Capt. W. strove to stop with his coat, but being unsuccessful he divested himself of his clothing and attempted to swim ashore with his wife half a mile, but failed. A small boy with them saved himself on a piece of ice. The last the boy saw of Capt. W. he was struggling with his wife to keep his head above water. One year ago he retired from business in New Orleans with an ample fortune, when he married in Castine.—A most melancholy occurrence.

[Bangor Democrat.

Ridicule. The fatal fondness for indulging in a spirit of ridicule, and the injurious and irreparable consequences which sometimes attend the too severe reply, can never be condemned with more asperity than it deserves; not to offend is the first step towards pleasing; to give pain is as much an offence against humanity as against good breeding; and surely it is as well to abstain from an action because it is *sinful*, as because it is impolite.

Recent splendid discoveries have been made in the copper mines of the Lake superior region. The Pittsburg company on the Eagle River location, have opened a vein 12 feet wide, from the top of the hill to the bottom—over 200 feet. It is exceedingly rich in copper and silver. They have taken out one large piece of native copper and silver, nearly pure, weighing 2,000 pounds. Its size is 5 feet 10 inches by 4 feet 2 inches, 10 inches thick in the center, and 7 inches on the edge.

Last week was a busy time in Bangor. The flood deposites were removed from the streets, the shops and buildings were cleansed and repaired, and goods restored to their appropriate places. Business is again generally resumed and every thing is going on as usual. [Bangor Democrat.

Typographical Curiosity. A Boston paper says that a printer in that city was seen with his pocket full of change! He was afraid to go by the museum, lest he should be carried in and shown as a curiosity.

Cure for Cancer. Apply a poultice of raw Cranberries. We have seen it once tried, where the cancer, about an inch or two beneath the surface of the skin had became so large as a small pullet's egg. The cranberries were mashed in a mortar, and placed on, renewing them thrice in 24 hours. In a few days the surface was covered with pustles which, filled like the small pox, and became so sore that the poultice was suspended a day or two; after they came off it was applied again, with the same effect; again succeeded and renewed, and each time the cancer became softened and decreased in size, until it finally disappeared. Nearly three years have past and it has never trou'ed the subject again. In this person it was an hereditary disease too much the most inveterate. The virtues of Cranberries are but imperfectly known—they have been known to cure a bad sore throat are very cooling and efficacious for removing inflammation. We have never known them used for Bronchites (in the throat) but were we afflicted with that complaint it would be the first remedy we should try. [Republican Herald.

Discovery in Dyeing. A French paper published at Lyons, announces a discovery of much importance in dyeing. A dyer of Vienna, who lives at Lyons, has discovered a means of producing an orange colored yellow from the citron, and by one dipping only. By this means fustic, cochineal, cream tartar, and a preparation of tin, now nsed will be no longer required; and it is said that this discovery will save time and money, and produce a superior color.

Freshet in New York. Some idea of the force of the water during the freshet, may be formed from the fact that the earth was displaced to the depth of thirty-seven feet below the bottom of the canal at one of the flats.—Thirty thousand yards of earth will be required to fill up this cavity and repair the embankments. [Schenectady Cabinet.

Duelling disqualifies a man for holding any civil or military office in Missouri, by the new Constitution of that State. We trust every State in the Union will incorporate this virtuous prohibition in their laws.

The Legislature of Massachusetts has refused acts of incorporation to the Odd Fellows of that Commonwealth. Acts of incorporation were wanted, so that the order might hold property.

INVALIDS! neglect not the long-continued and obstinate Cough—Soreness of the Chest and Lungs—Pain in the Side—Difficulty of Breathing—and other well known indications of Consumptive tendency. And when your friends start, as they look upon your hectic, care-worn countenance, or listen to your hollow Cough, be warned in time, and seek a remedy. Such a remedy is the HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE, discovered by Dr. Buchan of London, England, and now introduced into the United States under the immediate superintendence of the inventor. By the use of this remedy, Consumption, even in some of its most dangerous forms, may be effectually cured.

Pamphlets respecting this Great English Remedy may be had gratis of MOSES HAMMOND, only agent in Paris.

MARRIED.

In Greenwood, by James Russ, Esq., Mr. Alanson M. Whitman to Miss Eleanor Bryant.

In Stoneham, Gibbs McAllister to Miss Lydia McKeen.—Geo. W. Abbott to Miss Lucinda McAllister.

In Hebron, Samul Stetson of Danville, to Miss Valeria A. Chase of Minot.

DIED.

In Norway Village, 11th inst., of consumption, Mr. Daniel Young, aged 64.

In Portland, 10th inst., Mr. Timothy Ford, aged about 36 years, formerly of this town.

In this town, Augustus A., son of Mark Deering aged 3 years, 8 months.

In Fayette, Ill., Feb. 17th, Edwin, son of Mr. Wm. Cox of Norway, Me., aged 25.

In Parkman, Rev. B. S. Dunham, pastor of the Baptist Church in that place, aged 47.

Treasurer's Notice,—Paris.

NOTICE is hereby given that Asa Matthews, Collector of taxes for the town of Paris, County of Oxford for the year 1843, has on this eighth day of April, 1846, returned to me the following as a true copy of so much of the assessment as relates to the taxes due on real estate in said Paris for the year 1843, and remaining unpaid, viz.—

Non-resident Proprietors.	No. of Lot.	Range.	Acres.	Value.	Tax.
					$ cts
Thomas Lurvey, North part,	29	4	100	230	2 53
Unknown, N. E part,	18	3	50	100	1 10
Fuller, Alden—or unk,	p't 15	5	9	50	55
Holborn, Ira & Jasen,	S. part 2	8	66	80	88
Dunham Asa, or unk.	S. W. p't 29	7	10	60	66
Swan, Moses	part 6	1	20	160	1 76
Unknown,	18—20	3	barn	119	400	4 40
do	S. E. part 29	1	60	120	1 32
Jackson Benjamin,	part 27	1	25	25	35
Fuller Alden, delinquent highway,	15	1	9	50	35
Resident Proprietors.					Tax.
Orin Daniels,					1,52
Artemas Fuller,					1,32
James Perry,					4,15
George W. Ripley,					1,30
B F. Warren,					1,32
Wid. Susanna Warren,					1,32

J. G. COLE, Treasurer of the town of Paris for 1846.

49

One Cent Reward!

RAN away from the subscriber on Monday, the 6th inst., FRANCIS BROWN, an indented apprentice, bound to me by the Overseers of the Poor for the town of Paris. All persons are hereby forbid harboring or trusting him on my account, as I shall pay no debts he has contracted or may hereafter contract. Any person who will return him shall receive the above reward but no charges will be paid.

JAMES MERRILL.

Paris, April 11th, 1846. 49

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the Counties of Kennebec and Oxford.

THE undersigned beg leave to represent, that the existing roads as now travelled, from the northern parts of the County of Oxford, to the navigable waters of the Kennebec river, are unnecessarially hilly and circuitous, and that a far more easy and direct road can be had than any now travelled, or being located, and that the business of the northern parts of the County of Oxford actually requires a far more easy and direct way to the places of business on the Kennebec.

We therefore request your honors to view and locate a road, commencing at or near Mexico Corner; in the County of Oxford, so as to connect the present located road from Andover Corner, in said County—thence by Dixfield village, Canton Point, North Livermore, North Wayne, and crossing the narrows of the pond between Readfield Corner and Winthrop village, to near Packard's tavern in Winthrop, and from thence to the navigable waters of the Kennebec, at Hallowell and vicinity.

ISAAC N. STANLEY, and 326 others.

Dec 23, 1845.

STATE OF MAINE.

KENNEBEC, ss.—Court of County Commissioners, December Term, 1845.

On the Petition aforesaid, satisfactory evidence having been received that the Petitioners are responsible, and ought to be heard touching the matter set forth in said petition, it is ORDERED, that the County Commissioners of the County of Oxford be requested to meet the Commissioners of this County at Wilson's tavern, at Mexico Corner, in said County of Oxford, on Tuesday, the second day of June next, at ten o'clock A. M., for the purpose of thence proceeding to view the route mentioned in said petition; immediately after such view a hearing of the parties and witnesses will be had, and such further measures taken in the premises as the Commissioners shall adjudge to be proper. And it is further ordered, that notice be given, to all persons and corporations interested, of the time, place and purposes of said meeting, by causing attested copies of said petition and of this order thereon, to be served upon the County Attorney and chairman of the County Commissioners of the County of Oxford, and upon the respective Clerks of the towns of Mexico, Dixfield, Canton, Livermore, E Livermore, Wayne, Fayette, Readfield, Winthrop, Augusta, Hallowell and Gardiner, and also posted up in three public places, in each of said towns, and published in the Age, being the public newspaper issued by the printer to the State, and in the Konnebec Journal, a newspaper printed in the County of Kennebec, and Oxford Democrat, printed in said County of Oxford. All of said notices to be served, posted up and published thirty days at least before the time of said meeting; that all corporations and persons interested may attend and be heard if they see cause.

Attest: W. M. STRATTON, Clerk.

A true copy of the Petition and order of Court thereon.

49 Attest: W. M. STRATTON, Clerk.

Illustrated Botany.

Edited by John B. Newman, M. D.

CIRCUMSTANCES make the man, and very often, as in the present case, the book For years there has been a steadily increasing interest felt for the vegitable kingdom. Latterly, this taste has been partially gratified by the literary magazines, which owe their popularity, in a great measure, to the beautiful flower prints that adorn them. One specimen a month, however, is not enough, nor is it required in such connection. A work relating exclusively to the subject is wanted by the public, and this want the present enterprise is intended to supply.

Preceded by a short introduction on Physiology, and a view of the Natural and Linnæan Systems, the work will be devoted to a seperate consideration of each plant. Together with our own information, we shall draw on the standard works on Chemistry, Botany, and Medicine, combining every useful item of knowledge, and without lessening its value, present it in a concise and pleasing form. Obtaining our supplies from the same sources as the bee, we hope to *secrete* as elegant a sweet for the mind as it does for the body. The properties of each, more especially the medicinal, will be confirmed, in a great number of instances, by personal experience. To this will be added its history; its meaning in the language of flowers; and poetry, either original or selected, from the gems of the children of song.

The whole illustrated by splendid Colored Engravings taken from nature, full size, and finished in the highest style of modern art.

This work is designed to be eminently popular in its application, and there is enough of that which is stranger than fiction about it, to render it, in no ordinary degree, interesting and instructive.

TERMS.—This work will be published monthly, with FOUR or SIX FLOWERS, handsomely painted in each number. Price, THREE DOLLARS a year, or two copies sent to one address for FIVE DOLLARS.

☞ *A very* liberal discount allowed to Agents.

*** *Furnished to Seminaries, Colleges, and Societies, in Clubs, 10 copies for $20 a year.*

J. K. WELLMAN, Publisher and Proprietor,
No. 118, Nassau Street, New York.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

We do not intend to confine ourselves to the botanical descriptions of each plant, but on the contrary, divested of technicality, intend to make it a thoroughly scientific work, in all the departments of Botany. It will also give information on the cultivation of Plants and Flowers. *In a word*, it will comprise the whole science.

We give below the *free* opinions of the press:

From the New York Tribune.

"ILLUSTRATED BOTANY."—This is a new candidate for popular favor, in the shape of a monthly periodical. The first two numbers are before us, and if they may be regarded as specimens of those which are to follow, the work will certainly prove highly attractive. It is to be devoted to a seperate consideration of each plant in the vegetable kingdom, the whole illustrated by colored engravings, taken from nature, full size, and finished in the highest style of modern art. Four or six of these engravings will be given in each number. Those in the numbers already issued are of the most beautiful and splendid description. The Editor will draw on the standard works of Chemistry, Botany, and Medicine, and thus combine in a brief form every item of knowledge respecting plants and flowers, their medicinal qualities, &c. To this will be added their history and their meaning in the "language of flowers." To all lovers of the beautiful in Nature and Art, we commend this work as eminently worthy of patronage.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal (edited by T. F. Bond, M. D.)

The printed specimens are exquisitely done; and the great marvel is, how the work can be afforded at the low price of three dollars per annum, or two copies to one address for five dollars. Engravings can be cheaply multiplied, but paintings must be executed separately and without the aid of labor saving machinery. It will give us real pleasure to announce the successive numbers of this beautiful periodical, as we have been led to think the study of Botany not only an innocent recreation, but eminently promotive of piety.

From the New York Medical and Surgical Reporter.

We have received the first number of "The Illustrated Botany." This periodical is got up in a very neat form, and displays taste and judgment in its Editor, who, being a well educated medical man, is prepared to make a work of this kind very interesting and useful to the general reader. The colored plates are unsurpassed in beauty and finish.

From the Protestant Churchman, (New York.)

ILLUSTRATED BOTANY.—The design of this work is admirable. It is intended to comprise scientific descriptions of the most valuable native and exotic plants, with their history, medicinal properties, &c. &c. 49

Pauper Notice.

THE subscriber hereby forbids all persons harboring or trusting Mrs. LUCY BROCK, Pauper of Sumner, as he has made ample provision for her support according to his agreement with the Overseers of the Poor for said Sumner, and will pay no debts of her contracting. CHARLES GOWELL.

Sumner, March 30, 1846 3w48

POETRY.

HOW THE QUAKER OUTWITTED THE ROBBER.

A traveller wended the wiles among,
With a purse of gold and a silver tongue;
His hat it was broad, and all drab were his clothes,
For he hated high colors—except on his nose;
And he met with a lady the story goes.
Heigho! yea thee and nay thee.

The damsel she cast him a merry blink,
And the traveller was nothing loth, I think;
Her merry black eye beamed her bonnet beneath,
And the quaker he grinned, for he'd very good teeth;
And he asked, "Art thou going to ride on the heath?"
Heigho! &c.

"I hope you'll protect me, kind sir," said the maid,
"As to ride this heath over I'm sadly afraid;
For robbers, they say, here in numbers abound,
And I wouldn't for anything I should be found,
For, between you and me, I have five hundred pound."
Heigho! &c.

"If that is thine own, dear," the quaker said,
"I ne'er saw a maiden I sooner would wed;
And I have another five hundred just now,
In the padding that's under my saddle bow,
And I'll settle it all upon thee, I vow!"
Heigho! &c.

The maiden she smiled, and the rein she drew,
"Your offer I'll take—though I'll not take you!"
A pistol she held at the quaker's head—
"Now give me your gold—or I'll give you my lead.
'Tis under the saddle, I think you said."
Heigho! &c.

The damsel she ripped up the saddle bow,
And the quaker was ne'er a quaker till now;
And he saw by the fair one he wished for a bride
His purse drawn away with a swaggering stride,
And the eye that looked tender now only defied.
Heigho! &c.

"The spirit doth move me friend Broadbrim," quoth she
"To take all the filthy temptation from thee,
For mammon deceives—and beauty is fleeting;
Accept from thy *maiden* a right loving greeting,
For much doth she profit by this quaker's meeting.
Heigho! &c.

"And hark! jolly quaker, so rosy and sly,
Have righteousness more than a lass in your eye,
Don't go again peeping girl's bonnets beneath.
Remember the one you met on the heath,
Her name's Jimmy Barlow—I tell to your teeth!"
Heigho! &c.

"Friend James," quoth the quaker, "prey listen to me,
For thou canst confer a favor, d'ye see;
The gold thou hast taken is not mine, my friend,
But mymaster's—and truly on thee I depend
To make it appear I my trust did defend.
Heigho! &c.

"So fire a few shots through my clothes here and there,
To make it appear 'twas a desperate affair."
So Jim he popped first through the skirts of his coat,
And then through his collar—quite close to his throat.
"Now once through my broad brim," quoth Ephraim,
"I vote." Heigho! &c.

"I have but a brace," said bold Jim, "and they're spent,
And I won't load again for a make-believe rent."
"Then," said Ephraim, producing his pistols, "just give
My five hundred pounds back—or as sure as you live,
I'll make of your body a riddle or seive."
Heigho! &c.

Jim Barlow was diddled—and though he was game,
He saw Ephraim's pistol so deadly in aim,
That he gave up the gold, and he took to his scrapers,
And when the whole story got into the papers,
They said that the thieves were no match for the quakers. Heigho! yea thee and nay thee.

A KENTUCKIAN CLAIMING PRECEDENCE OF A COUNT.—We were yesterday shown (says the New Orleans Delta) a letter from a young gentleman—a native of Kentucky, who is now in Rome—the Eternal City—to his friends in this State. He gives a graphic description of his journey from Paris thither, and recites one amusing incident of travel, which is worth transcribing.

He states that in the boat in which he travelled on the Rhone, from Lyons to Avignon, he was half famished with cold, and nearly whole starved with hungar. He tried a bribe with the cook and entreaty with the captain—but neither availed him in obtaining a dinner. After pacing the deck for some time, mentally calling anathemas on the heads of all Frenchmen in general, and the surley boat captain in particular, whose passenger he was, he hurried down to the cabin for the purpose of getting a segar and puffing it, instead of blowing up the captain. There, to his astonishment, and not without exciting his envy, he found a tallow-faced Russian Count—Count Orlof—discussing a very fine dinner, the obsequious captain standing behind his chair, apparently honored with being permitted to act as his waiter.

"I thought," said the young Kentuckian, casting a scowl at the captain who understood and could speak a little broken English, "I thought you had told me that you did not furnish your passengers with dinner."

"Pardonne, monsieur; dis be not one every body passenger; he be one gran' Russian Count."

"And what the d—l if he be?" said the Kentuckian, who was as ardent as a Western Sun could make him—"if he be a Count, I'm a Kentuckian. I'd like to know who should rank higher?"

"Pardonne, monsieur," said the captain.—"You be a Kent—what? dat be title of one nobleman Anglaise, eh?"

"No," said the Kentuckian, bluntly, "that is the name of an American sovereign."

"Ah," said the little French captain, shrugging up his shoulders, and bowing down his head, "ah, excusez, monsieur, pardonne. I did not know you be one gran' noblemans; but now I get you dinner, toute suite," (immediately) and in due time the dinner was brought—to which, with the addition of a bottle of sparkling hock, the young Kentuckian did ample justice. He says he has never known so agreeable an instance of the respect which the American name inspires abroad, as that occasion afforded him.

Earth has no sweeter music than a gentle word breathed into a sorrowing heart.

A STRANGE IDEA.

BY A LITERARY CLUB.

Does curiosly ask what? It is this—"Give me good sense and keep your eloquence for boys." This remark is frequently made by well meaning but uneducated men. This we call a strange idea, because it is glaringly inconsistent. It plainly intimates that good sense and eloquence cannot be combined—that the eloquent man cannot have good sense, and the man of good sense cannot be eloquent: the very reverse of which is nearer the truth.

Eloquence is not what these well meaning men imagine it to be. True eloquence consists in presenting the truth to the mind of the hearer in the simplest and most forcible manner. Not every man that makes a great noise—speaks for hours together and excites his hearers to the highest pitch—is eloquent—is eloquet, for a very ordinary speaker may deliver a pleasing harangue on a popular subject. The man who is truly eloquent, abounds in good sense. All that he says is of importance and is suited to the capacity of his hearers.—Good sense is the very essence of eloquence.

This "strange idea" and erroneous opinion concerning eloquence, has obtained some currency, and is not without bad effects, and therefore should be corrected. It acts as a barrier, by which all spoken truths are effectually kept from the mind of the hearer. The speaker might as well address himself to the lifeless benches, as to persons entertaining this wrong opinion. Such persons listen with a jealous ear, and even when truth is fairly established are ready to doubt it, and to attribute all the effects produced on their minds to what they call "eloquence." It is to be lamented that this science does not receive more attention in our institutions of learning. It is one of the most important studies, yet generally receives the least attention. This should not be so. Let all speakers, therefore, study to make themselves truly eloquent, that this false notion may be banished—that true eloquence may be substituted for mere bombast. Then can we expect the vindication of right to be more successful, and truth to have universal sway.

"AMICUS ELOQUENTIÆ."

A STREET COLLOQUY.—"I say, Sam, I wants to ax you to dissolve dis argermunt.—What is the cause of Missus Miller getting along so well in her business? Dar, let dat work trew your wool, while I exposes of a few minutes in trowing down dis coal."

"You is ahead ob me now, Bill; you is deep re(a)d and deep brack too. I gives him up."

"Well, Sam, I'll 'splain it. But fust admit me to digest that such illegitimate individuals as you is, can never deceed in argefying with edercated persons. Now de cause is—Mrs. Miller ollers hab on hand *a plenty of capital to back her.* Dar, dat is de pint."

HOW TO ACQUIRE FAME.—Would you be remembered when you have passed off the stage of life? Do good. Be kind. Whose names are mentioned with gratitude? Those who were distinguished for their kindness and benevolence. No other fame is really worth seeking. Far better that your memories should perish, than to be a hero and a scoundrel.—Who envies the name of Marat, of Paine, and a hundred others, who lived profligate lives and died like brutes? The reputation of a good character and a kind heart alone is worth acquiring.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.—Small acts of kindness!—how pleasant and desirable they do make life. Every dark object is made light by them, and every tear of sorrow is brushed away. When the heart is sad, and dispondency sits at the entrance of the soul, a trifling kindness drives despair away, and makes the path of life cheerful and pleasant. Who will refuse a kind act? It costs the giver nothing but is invaluable to the sad and sorrowing. It raises from misery and degradation, and throws around the soul those hallowed joys that were lost in Paradise.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.—The process by which this is made, in accordance with the late patent, is to pulverize the flint, granite or marble used, and work it up into a thick paste. This paste is placed into moulds of any given design; and, upon being subjected to the action of the heat of an oven, the contents of the moulds become vertrified. Thus the most compact and beautiful designs in slate, granite or marble are proceed, applicable alike for ornament or for substantial purposes. It withstands all atmospheric changes, and is durable as flint.

TRUE ENOUGH.—"Of what fruit is cider made?" "Don't know, sir." "What a stupid boy. What did you get when you robbed widow Coffin's orchard?" I got a licking, sir."

Among the items in the River & Harbor Bill, recently passed by the House, to be expended, are $15,000 for a breakwater a. Burlington; $10,000 for the works at Bridgeport, Conn.; $5,000 for the harbor of Providence; $15,000 for removing obstructions in Newark bay; $40,000 for improving the harbor of Boston; $20,000 for constructing a breakwater at Stamford Ledge, Maine; and $4,450 for Wood's Hole, Mass.

A distinguished divine of Baltimore in alluding, on Sunday last, to the Magnetic Telegraph, spoke of it as "*the highway of thought.*" The Press is the "highway of thought"—the Magnetic Telegraph is rather the "turnpike."

LOOK OUT.—Notes purporting to be issued by the Newport Bank, Maine, have been put in circulation. There is no such bank.

What does a glazier get when he cracks his own work? His labor for his *panes.*

Generals Houston and Rusk, the new Senators from Texas, arrived at Washington on the 22d. They are understood to favor Mr. Calhoun's views on the Oregon question, and will therefore probably vote for the qualified notice of Mr. Colquitt.

It is currently reported that Mr. Wockhagenikdepegbitnigenstorben has met with a melancholly fall by which his name was broken into three pieces.

Dick says that a *bridal* ceremony is apt to put a *curb* upon a man for the remainder of his life.

An editor says the body is the shell of the soul, and the dress the husk of the shell, but the husk often tells what the kernel is. Some truth in that.

PADDY ALL OVER.—A late Cork Jury acquitted a man because he proved a double alibi—that is, that he was in *two* other places at the time of the larceny.

An Indian complained to a retailer that the price of his liquor was too high. The latter in justification said that it cost as much to keep a hogshead of brandy as to keep a cow.—The Indian replied, may be he drink as much water, but he no eat as much hay.

He that is good, will infallibly become better, and he that is bad, will certainly become worse; for vice, virtue, and time, are three things that never stand still.

Thrice Weekly Age for 1846.

THE subscriber hereby proposes to issue THE AGE three times a week during the next session of the Legislature.

It will contain in addition to the report of Legislative debates and proceedings, the news of the day, a synopsis of Congressional proceedings, which are more than usually interesting during the present session, and the original matter which appears in the weekly paper.

We have made such arrangements as will insure us the services of able and faithful reporters in both branches of the Legislature, and intend that the reports of proceedings shall be full and accurate, and the sketches of debates as complete and perfect, as any that have been published at Augusta.

While however, the publisher of the THRICE-WEEKLY AGE feels justified in pledging himself to furnish, in any event, faithful reports of the doings both of the Senate and House; it is obvious that upon the extent of the subscriptions obtained, must depend the fulness and completeness of the sketches of debates.

The expenses of the Thrice-weekly paper always exceeding the income, *are incurred principally with a view to the convenience of the members of the Legislature*—and we feel abundantly justified in asking them especially, as well as our other friends who may receive the Prospectus, to aid us, as far as they reasonably can, in obtaining a remunerating subscription.

The price of the TRICE WEEKLY AGE will be ONE DOLLAR for the session. It will be published on TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, and SATURDAYS, which will accommodate subscribers on all the important mail routes

☞ *The price of all subscriptions must be paid in advance. No order will be complied with unless accompanied by the money.*

Augusta, March 27, 1846. WM. T. JOHNSON

Guardian's Sale.

BY virtue of a license from the Hon Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, I will offer at private sale, at the dwelling house of the late Hon. Leander Gage, in Waterford, on Monday, the fourth day of May next, from nine o'clock in the forenoon to four o'clock in the afternoon, five eighths, undivided, of the following described real estate, situate in said Waterford, and belonging to the estate of said Leander Gage, Mary S. Gage, Lois M. Gage, and George M. Gage, viz:—

The homestead Farm of the late Hon. Leander Gage, being parts of Lots numbered seven and eight in the fourth Range, containing about one hundred and twenty two acres, excepting about twenty-five acres and part of the buildings, which have been assigned to his Widow, Ann S. Gage, as dower.

The Farm occupied by Abijah Watson, being Lot numbered three in the seventh Range, excepting about twelve acres.

Twenty acres in Lot numbered ten in the third range.

Ten acres in lot numbered seven in the eleventh range.

Two acres in lot numbered nine in the eighth range.

Pews numbered six, forty-nine, and one third of Pew numbered thirty five in the New Congregational meeting House.

And if the said real estate shall not be sold on the said fourth day of May next, I will offer the same, at private sale, by virtue of said license, at my Office in Harrison in the County of Cumberland, on the first Monday of each following month, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, until it shall be sold.

The remaining three eighths of said real estate will be offered for sale at the same times and places, and the said property will be sold in lots to suit purchasers.

PHILIP EASTMAN, } Guardian of
March 25, 1846. 3w42 } said minors

List of Letters

REMAINING in the Post Office at PARIS, Me., March 31, 1846.

Andrews, Samuson—Abbott, Levi—Bosse, Capt A—Burnham, J. W. P.—Bosey, Mrs Almira, 2—Brett, Seneca—Conant, Mrs Mary A—Cleek, Jas T—Cooper, Wm—Colwell, John—Cummings, James—Deering James—Dodge, Miss Lucinda—Daniels, Miss Harriet—Follett, Calvin M—Felton, Sarah—Farnum, Simpson—Goss, Charles—Hutchinson, Chandler Esq.—Hammond, Geo W—Horsey & Brothers—Mathie, J C—Marshall, Nathan—Rogers, Edward—Rogers, Edmund—Ryerson, Samuel—Stowell, Samuel—Short, S D—Swan, Miss Lucetta—Sturtevant, Samuel A—Stanlevant, Mrs Polly, 2—Swett, Mrs. Lucy—Tuell, Gilman 2—Tarbox, Ivory 2—Whitman, Winchester—Walker, Capt. Micah.

G. W MILLETT, P. M.

Pauper Notice.

WHEREAS, the subscriber has contracted with the Overseers of the Poor of the town of Bethel to support SUSAN FARWELL, a pauper of said town, from the date hereof to the first day of March next, and has made suitable provision for her comfortable support at his dwelling house in said Bethel, he hereby cautions all persons against harboring or trusting her on his account, as he is determined to pay no bills of her contracting. PATTERSON BLATTIE

Bethel, March 23, 1846. 3w43

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS the subscribers hold a mortgage of a certain piece of land with a dwelling house on the same, situated in the East part of Woodstock, in the County of Oxford, given by Joseph Russell, then of Paris, bearing date February 19th, 1841, and recorded with the Oxford Records, Book 60, Page 332, to which Deed reference may be had for a particular description of the premises; and whereas the conditions of said mortgage have been broken, we hereby claim to foreclose the same, agreeable to the Statute in such case made and provided.

ROBINSON PARLIN.
LUTHER WASHBURN.

March 11th, 1846 3w46

Commissioners' Notice.

THE creditors of the estate of ELBRIDGE G. HALL, late of Peru, deceased, are notified that six months from the 3d day of March, 1846, are allowed to said creditors to exhibit and prove their claims; and for the reception thereof the undersigned will be in session at the dwelling house of the late Elbridge G. Hall, in Peru, on Tuesday, the 21st day of April, and Tuesday, the first day of September next, from nine o'clock A. M to four o'clock P. M of said days.

SUMNER R NEWELL } Commissioners
WILLIAM B WALTON, } on said Estate.

March 11th, 1846. 3w46

WISTAR'S BALSAM
OF
Wild Cherry,
THE GREAT REMEDY
FOR
CONSUMPTION,

AND the best medicine known to man for Asthma of every stage, Liver complaints, Bronchitis, Influenza, Coughs, Colds, Bleeding of the Lungs, Shortness of Breath, pains and weakness in the side, breast, &c., and all other diseases of the

PULMONARY ORGANS.

A very important disease over which this "Balsam" exerts a very powerful influence, is that of a

DISEASED LIVER.

In this complaint it has unhesitatingly proved more efficacious than any remedy hitherto employed, and in numerous instances when patients had endured long and severe suffering from the disease, without receiving the least benefit from various remedies, and when MERCURY had been resorted to in vain, the use of this Balsam has restored the LIVER to a healthy action, and in many instances effected

PERMANENT CURES,

after every known remedy had failed to produce the desired effect.

Opinion of a regular Physician.

EXETER, Me., Sept. 30, 1845.

This certifies that I have recommended the use of WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY for diseases of the Lungs, for two years past, and many bottles to my knowledge have been used by my patients, all with beneficial results. In two cases where it was thought a confirmed consumption had to take place, the Wild Cherry effected a cure.

E. BOYDEN, Physician at Exeter Corner.

No Quackery! No Deception!

All publish'd statements of cures performed by this medicine, are, to every respect, TRUE.

☞ *Beware of Counterfeits & Imitations.* ☜

The unparalleled and astonishing efficacy of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry in all the diseases for which it is recommended, even in many cases after the skill of the first physicians was unavailing, has effected a large and increasing demand for it. This fact has caused several impudent pretenders and imitators to palm off spurious mixtures, of similar name and appearance, for the genuine Balsam.

Be careful and get the genuine DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. None genuine unless signed by I. BUTTS. Address all orders to SETH W. FOWLE, Boston, Mass.

For sale by THOMAS CRICKER, Paris; Zebulon Chadbourne, Jr., Oxford; E. & L. Atwood & Co., Buckfield; Kimball & Crocker, Bethel. [Feb 3, 1846.—1y

—*JUST PUBLISHED*—
GREAT MEDICAL RE-PRINT.
First American, from the Tenth English Edition
SELF MANAGEMENT
AND CURE OF
Pulmonary Consumption,
AND ALL DISEASES OF THE CHEST AND LUNGS.
BY W. T. BUCHAN, M. D.
Of London, England.

With a Portrait of the Author, and Engravings illustrative of the Anatomy of the Lungs.

PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS.

This work contains a brief but distinct description of the ANATOMY OF THE CHEST AND LUNGS—an outline of Dr. Buchan's simple system of treating the many Colds, Coughs Asthma, and Consumption—in one out of the MOST PAINFUL AND POWERFUL REMEDY—and directions for SELF-MANAGEMENT AND CURE, adapted to popular use.

It is the result of Twenty Years' practice and experiment in the City of London, and the combined experience of the most learned Physicians and Surgeons of the age.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Chapter 1. Introduction to the Work—Directions prescribed by Physicians—Self Knowledge desirable—Position and Views of the Author—An Opinion from Scientific Discoveries—Value of the Work.

Chapter 2. Anatomy of the Chest and Lungs, with Engravings—Plain description of the Wind Pipe—Formation of the Lungs—Pleura—Food Pipe—Arteries and Veins of the Lungs, &c. &c.

Chapter 3. Examination of the Chest—Signs of Healthy Disease—Form and Size of the Chest—Sounds of Breathing and the Voice—how to discover Disease.

Chapter 4. Vocal Signs of Disease—Difficulty of Breathing—Coughing—Pain—Expectoration—State of the Pulse—Fever, &c.

Chapter 5. Diseases and Causes of the Author—Early Trials and Success—Extent and Causes of Late Fatality—Trouble of the Author's Friends—Cause of Consumption.

Chapter 6. Various and Peculiar Forms of Disease—Pure and Simple—Symptoms and Effects—Directions of Self-Management and Cure—Slow Fevers—Chronic Colds—Bronchitis—Spitting of Blood—Inflammation of the Lungs.

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This Work and the Treatment which it recommends, are held in the highest possible esteem in Great Britain, as the extracts from public journals, which are given in the Appendix, will abundantly show. Dr. Buchan really believes, that with this simple Guide, "a Consumptive patient may do more for himself than any ordinary physician can do, by any of the common methods of practice."

Published by D. F. BRADLEE, 139 Washington Street, Boston, and sold by all the Booksellers and dealers in new publications in the United States.

Price only 25 cts per Copy—the usual discount to the trade.

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Feb. 27, 1846. 1y 42

C. W. WALTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
DIXFIELD-VILLAGE, MAINE.

GREAT
ENGLISH REMEDY
For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Consumption!

THE great and only remedy for Colds, Coughs Asthma, and Consumption, is the HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE, discovered by the celebrated Dr. Puchan, of London, England, and introduced into the United States under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

The extraordinary success of this medicine, in the cure of Pulmonary diseases, warrants the American Agent in soliciting for treatment the WORST POSSIBLE CASES that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished Physicians, as *Confirmed and Incurable.* The Hungarian Balsam has cured and will cure the *most desperate of Cases.* It is no quack nostrum, but a standard English medicine, of known and established efficacy.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, not only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of climate, but to be used as a preventive medicine in all cases of Colds, Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Pain in the Side and Chest, Irritation and Soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Hectic Fever, Night Sweats, Emaciation and General Debility, Asthma, Influenza, Hooping Cough, and Croup.

☞ Sold, in large bottles, at $1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of Health.

Pamphlets, containing a mass of English and American certificates, and other evidence showing the unequalled merits of this great English Remedy, may be obtained of the Agent, gratuitously.

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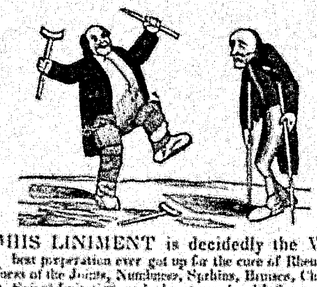
June 3, 1845. 1y4

Asiatic Liniment.



THIS LINIMENT is decidedly the VERY best preparation ever got up for the cure of Rheumatism, Stiffness of the Joints, Numbness, Sprains, Bruises, Chilblains, Gout, Spinal Irritation, and almost any local inflammation.—It may be considered a desideratum in the list of curatives, combining advantages not possessed by any other preparation of the kind, is prompt and efficient in its action, and may be relied on as perfectly safe in all cases for which it is recommended. It will not soil the clothing nor the skin, as do most of the "Compounds" brought out under the name of Liniment, but is perfectly clean and has a fragrant smell, which is of more importance than many suppose who imagine that any thing that smells and tastes bad, and is offensive in the highest degree, must surely possess wonderful powers as a Medicine. It is put up in a neat and attractive style, and sells at the low price of

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For sale in Portland by JOSHUA DURGIN & Co., and by the Druggists generally. [Dec. 23, 1845—1y34

The subscribers hereby give public notice to all concerned, that they have been duly appointed and taken upon themselves the trust of Administrators of the Estate of

DAVID HALE,

late of Turner, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—They therefore request all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

DAVID HALE,
ELIAS WHITING.

March 3, 1846. 3w45

DENTISTRY, DENTISTRY.

FILLING, Separating, Cleaning and Setting Artificial Mineral Front Teeth, done by

T. H BROWN, Paris Hill

Price—Filling with Gold, from 50 cts to $1,50.
" with Tin Foil, 25 " 50
Cleaning set of Teeth, 50 " 1,00
Setting Front Teeth, $1,00 " 1,50, & 2,00
Work warranted—March 28. tf 47

JOSIAH S. COLE,
Counsellor at Law,
PARIS, ME.

Has resumed the practice of Law.

Paris, Jan'y 5, 1846. 1y 6 w 31

PRENTISS & RAWSON,
Attornies and Councillors at Law,
BANGOR, MAINE,

☞ Office at the East End of Strickland's new Block near H. J. Flagg's Store.

H. E. PRENTISS
J. F. RAWSON

Nov. 11, 1845 6m *

SAMUEL F. RAWSON,
Deputy Sheriff, & Coroner,
PARIS HILL, OXFORD COUNTY.

☞ All business by Mail, or otherwise, promptly attended to

Feb 14 1846. 48

TIMOTHY LUDDEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TURNER-VILLAGE, M

SIMEON CUMMINGS,

AGENT for Monmouth Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Paris Hill. 6mjune10

$1000 WANTED immediately in payment for the Democrat, Advertising, &c